

THE
JOURNAL
OF A
Modern Lady.

Written by DEAN SWIFT:

*Unwilling Muse begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a female Day.
How could it come into your Mind,
To pitch on me of all Mankind,
Against the Sex to write a Satyr,
And brand me for a Woman-Hater?
On me who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a Hair?*



L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by W. PARKER, at the
first House on the Right-Hand in Half-
pay'd - Court, in Salisbury - Court, Fleet-
Street, 1740.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

C. 135. 9. 19

My Lord

My Lord



Jou

for al
How
To pi
gain
nd b
On me
They
their
ince f
Gethir
Will he
lust n
nd ha
h lov
to mor
coner
than I
Twa
hen ga



T H E

Journal of a Modern Lady.



I was a most unfriendly part,
 In you who ought to know
 my heart,
 Are well acquainted with my
 zeal

For all the female commonweal:
 How cou'd it come into your mind,
 To pitch on me, of all mankind,
 Against the sex to write a satyr,
 And brand me for a woman-hater?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival Venus to a hair?
 Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a string.
 Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
 Will he his character belye?
 Must never our misfortunes end?
 And have we lost our only friend?
 Oh lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
 No more let fall those precious tears.
 Sooner the hound be hunted by the hare,
 Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
 Then gave the subject out of spight:

The Journal of a modern Dame
 Is by my promise what you claim :
 My word is past, I must submit ;
 And yet perhaps you may be bit.
 I but transcribe, for not a line
 Of all the satyr shall be mine.

Compell'd by you to tag in rhimes,
 The common slanders of the times
 Of modern times; the guilt is yours,
 And me my innocence secures.

Unwilling muse begin thy lay,
 The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well
 (As we shall shew you in the sequel)
 The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
 Some authors say, not quite so soon :
 Because, though sore against her will,
 She sat all night up at *Quadrill*.
 She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
 And asks if it be time to rise ;
 Of head-ach, and the spleen complains ;
 And then to cool her heated brains,
 (Her night-gown and her slippers brought
 her,)

Takes a large dram of Citron-Water.
 Then to her glass ; and ' Betty, pray
 ' Don't I look frightfully to-day ?
 ' But was it not confounded hard ?
 ' Well, if I ever touch a card :
 ' Four Mattadores, and lose Codill !
 ' Depend upon't, I never will.
 ' But run to Tom, and bid him fix
 ' The ladies here to night by six."

Madam, the Goldsmith waits below;
 He says, his business is to know
 If you'll redeem the silver cup
 He keeps in pawn; why shew him up.
 Your dressing-plate, he'll be content
 To take, for interest cent. per cent.
 And, madam, there's my lady Spade
 Hath sent this letter by her maid.

' Well, I remember what she won;
 ' And hath she sent so soon to dun?
 ' Here, carry down those ten pistoles
 ' My husband left to pay for coals:
 ' I thank my stars they are all light;
 ' And I may have revenge to-night.'

Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
 She enters on her usual theme;
 Her last night's ill success repeats;
 Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
 She slipt Spadillo in her breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a jest.
 There's Mrs. Cutt and she combine,
 And to each other give the sign.
 Through every game pursues her tale,
 Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another scene give place,
 Enter the folks with silk and lace;
 Fresh matter for a world of chat;
 Right Indian this, right Macklin that;
 Observe this pattern, there's a stuff!
 I can have customers enough.
 Dear madam, you are grown so hard,
 This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard;
 Madam,

Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan.

THIS business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with "Madam, dinner stays;
She answers in her usual style,
" The cook must keep it back a while;
" I never can have time to dress,
" No woman breathing takes up less;
" I'm hurry'd so, it makes me sick,
" I wish the dinner at Old Nick.
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear, for sure if I had known
" This company would come to day—
" But really 'tis my spouse's way,
" He's so unkind, he never sends
" To tell when he invites his friends:
" I wish you may but have enough."
And while, with all this poultry stuff,
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her ev'ning tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When

When frighted at the clam'rous crew,
 Away the god of silence flew,
 And fair discretion left the place;
 And modesty with blushing face:
 Now enters over-weening pride,
 And scandal, ever gaping wide.
 Hypocrisy with frown severe,
 Scurrility with gibing air;
 Rude laughter seeming like to burst;
 And malice always judging worst;
 And vanity with pocket-gla's;
 And impudence with front of brass;
 And studied affectation came,
 Each limb and feature out of frame:
 While ignorance, with brain of lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each female head,

WHY should I ask of thee my muse,
 An hundred tongues, as poets use,
 When, to give every dame her due,
 An hundred thousand were too few!
 Or how should I, alas! relate,
 The sum of all their senseless prate;
 Their innuendo's, hints, and slanders,
 Their meaningslewd, and double entendres
 Now comes the gen'ral scandal charge;
 What some invent, the rest enlarge:
 And, ' Madam, if it be a lye,
 ' You have the tale as cheap as I:
 ' I must conceal my author's name,
 ' But now 'tis known to common fame.
 SAY, foolish females, bold and blind;
 Say, by what fatal turn of mind,

Are

Are you on vices most severe
 Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
 Thus ev'ry fool herself deludes;
 The prude condemns the absent prudes;
 Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
 Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
 Hercina, rank with sweat presumes
 To censure Phillis for perfumes;
 While crooked Cynthia sneering says;
 That Florimel wears iron stays,
 Chloe of every coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
 And full of indignation frets,
 That women should be such coquets.
 Iris, for scandal most notorious,
 Cries, ' Lord, the world is so censorious!
 And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
 Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
 Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
 Talks half a day in praise of silence;
 And Silvia full of inward guilt,
 Calls Amoret an errant Jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
 While each to be the loudest vies;
 They contradict, affirm, dispute;
 No single tongue one moment mute;
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken
 They set the very lap-dog barking:
 Their chattering makes a louder din
 Than fish-wives o'er a cup of Gin:

Not school boys, at a barring out,
 Rais'd ever such incessant rout:

The

The jumbling particles of Matter
 In Chaos made not such a Clatter ;
 Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with four election Ale.

NOR do they trust their tongue alone,
 But speak a Language of their own ;
 Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
 Far better than a printed Book :
 Convey a libel in a Frown,
 And wink a reputation down ;
 Or, by the tossing of a Fan,
 Describe the Lady and the Man.

But see, the Female Club disbands,
 Each, twenty visits on her hands.
 Now, all alone, poor Madam sits,
 In vapours and hysteric fits :

‘ And was not Tom this Morning sent ?

‘ I’d lay my life he never went.

‘ Past six, and not a living soul !

‘ I might, by this, have won a Vole.’

A dreadful Interval of spleen !

How shall we pass the time between ?

‘ Here, Betty, let me take my drops,

‘ And feel my pulse, I know it stops :

‘ This Head of mine, Lord, how it swims !

‘ And such a pain in all my limbs.

Dear Madam, try to take a Nap —

But now they hear a Foot-man’s rap :

‘ Go run and light the Ladies up :

‘ It must be One before we sup.

THE Table, Cards, and Counters set,
 And all the Gamester Ladies met,

Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quire,
 Our Spleen can sit up all Night,
 ' Whoever comes, I'm not within —
 Quadrill the Word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her Aid impart,
 Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
 Or in harmonious Numbers put
 The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?
 The superstitious Whims relate,
 That fill a female gamester's pate?
 What agony of soul she feels.
 To see a Knave's inverted Heels?
 She draws up card by card, to find
 Good fortune peeping from behind:
 With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
 In hope to see Spadillo rise;
 In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
 She draws an ace, and sees it red.
 In ready counters never pays,
 But pawns her snuff-box, rings and keys,
 Ever with some new fancy struck,
 Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
 ' This morning when the Parson came,
 ' I said, I should not win a Game.
 ' This odious chair, how came I stuck in't,
 ' I think I never had good Luck in't,
 ' I'm so uneasy in my Stays;
 ' Your fan a moment, if you please.
 ' Stand further, Girl, or get you gone,
 ' I always lose when you look on,
 Lord, Madam, you have lost Codiil;
 I never saw you play play so ill.

Nay,

' Nay, Madam, give me leave to say,
 ' 'Twas you that threw the game away;
 ' When lady Trickfy play'd a four,
 ' You took it with a Mattadore;
 ' I saw you touch your wedding ring
 ' Before my lady call'd a King.
 ' You spoke a word began with H,
 ' And I know whom you mean to teach,
 ' Because you held the King of Hearts:
 ' Fie, madam, leave these little arts.
 That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her chair to call the King of Clubs,
 And makes her partner understand
 A Mattadore is in her Hand.
 ' Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
 ' I swear, I saw you thrice renounce.
 And truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of five you scor'd me ten,
 Spadillo here has got a mark
 A Child may know it in the dark:
 I guess the hand, it seldom fails.
 I wish some folks would pare their Nails
 WHILE thus they rail, scold, and storm,
 It passes but for common form;
 And conscious that they all speak true,
 They give each other but their due;
 It never interrupts the game,
 Or make them sensible of shame.
 THE time too precious now to waste,
 And supper gobbled up in haste;
 Again a fresh to Cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun.

But

But I shall not again repeat
 How oft they squabble, quarrel and cheat,
 At last they hear the watchman knock,
 A frosty morn—Past four o'Clock
 The Chair-men are not to be found,
 Come, let us play the other round.

Now, all in haste they huddle on
 Their hoods, and cloaths, and get them
 gone:

But first the Winner must invite
 The Company to-morrow night

UNLUCKY Madam, left in tears,
 (Who now again Quadrill forswears,
 With empty purse, and aching head,
 Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

F I N I S .



